DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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NOTICE.

Subscribers finding the figure 5 after their name will bear in mind that their term will expire at the end of the present month. Early remittances are desirable, as there is then no loss of any numbers by the stopping of the paper.

A MONSTER AQUARIUM.

Some of our Messenger's readers have aquariums of their own; but none of them, we think, ever had a fish large enough to be called a whale, like that in the New York aquarium in the great Metropolitan city of America. In this aquarium there are many interesting varieties of fish, which it would be impossible for our readers to see anywhere else on this continent, and at very few places in the world. We will try to describe two or three of them, and first that which is called the whale, but is in reality a Beluga Dolphin or white whale. The one in the aquarium referred to was a native of Canada until naturalized in New York. Many months were spent before it was caught. A line of piles was driven across the entrance of a deep bay terminating in a narrow river. This wall was two miles in length, and at high tides so low that it was sufficiently submerged to let the whales swim over it into the bay. It was several months after the construction of the trap before the agent of the aquarium was rewarded for his patient waiting, but at length a school of the Delphinidæ was driven in before the fishing fleet, and on the fall of the tide three of them were left prisoners and secured. They were at once put into boxes lined with sea weed and hurried forward by special boats and trains to New York. Only one of them arrived in good condition, having been several days and nights out of the water. His future residence was a tank about ninety feet in circumference, around which he swims to the delight of the visitors who called to see him. We give a picture of him being introduced to his new home in a very unceremonious manner indeed. His principal food was eels, which were thrown

DUMPING THE WHALE.

into his tank by the bushel. In February last the tank required to be cleaned, and he was hoisted into the air and the foul water drawn off. Unfortunately the fresh water was some twenty degrees lower in temperature than that to which he had been accustomed, and in a few days the animal died of pneumonia, as was proven by a *post-mortem* examination. Only two or three months elapsed, however, before his place was supplied by another of the same species, and to guard against another vacancy, we believe the manager keeps several in reserve in a seaside tank. Amongst other interesting curiosities are the seals, which possess a wonderful degree of intelligence. When the dinner bell rings they crowd on a little stone platform and perform various antics at their keeper's bidding. Their food is fish, and these are thrown alternately on the platform and to the far end of the tank, and the seals "scramble" after each separate portion of food amidst the laughter of the spectators. Besides this they ring bells, climb stairs, bow to their masters, and perform other tricks, such as are sometimes taught to intelligent dogs. One of the most curious fish is the Skate, which is standing up against the walls of the tank as if it would like to say good day to the visitors. Any one visiting these curiosities cannot help but realize the wisdom of Him who made all these different and wonderful creatures, the secret of whose very existence even, is a marvel which the acutest mind of man has never been able to discover.

THE SEAL'S WELCOME.

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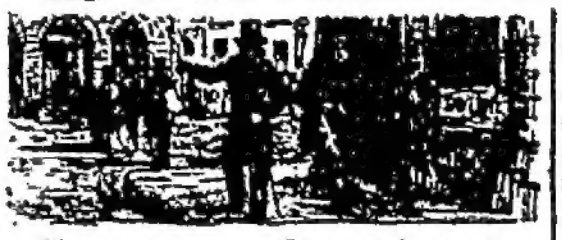
FOLLOW MY EXAMPLE!

There are men who eat and do drink moderately, and there are some Christian men who do not even drink moderately. Now I want to say a word or two to moderate drinkers before I go further. They are the hardest cases in the world to move, because they have not lost reputation, they have not lost property, they are not bearing the terrible burden of their sins as some of these intemperate men are, and therefore they are hard to reach. So I want to say at once to the moderate drinker. You may drink moderately, perhaps—there are some men that cannot, for certain. I could not be a moderate drinker. I could no more be a moderate drinker than you could blow up a powder magazine moderately, or fire off a gun a little at a time. I have tried it and failed. You say, You are a weak-minded man. Very well, have it at that if you choose. I tell you, sir, if I am so weak-minded that I cannot drink moderately, thank God I am strong enough to let it alone altogether. I want to say to moderate drinkers, drink if you will, drink if you must, but don't you dare to tell these young men that you set them a good example. How do you know?

I was once in a town in New York and saw a church that was building, with a very superb, symmetrical spire. From a small window, high up, a plank was pushed out about ten feet and held by ropes fastened within. Again I saw a man get out of that window and step right on that platform without falling. How many of you could do it? How many of you? I saw a man on the sidewalk hallos to him. He put his hands on his knees and looked down and hallood to the man. Now that man could stand on that platform, and did, but if I had set my foot on that platform, the moment I saw the depth of 130 feet below me, I would have gone down. I could not help it. No logic, no argument, no mind, no will, no genius or intellect could have helped me. I could not help myself. Now, I say, sir, if you can stand on that plank and you tell me you set me a good example and you induce me by your encouragement to follow your example, because it is a safe one, to stand on that plank, and I fall, what then? Your skirts are full of my blood. It must needs be that offences come, but woe unto that man by whom they come! You tell the young man that you set him a good example—how do you know? If there was a bridge built over a gulf, to fall into which was utter ruin, that spells 150 pounds, and you weighed 130, it is a safe bridge for you to walk on as much as you please. Here stands a man that weighs 200 pounds and you tell him to follow your example. "I don't like the looks of that bridge," he says. "Don't be a fool, I have walked it for ten years, and it is safe; don't mind what others say. Now you follow my example, in your moderation—don't get into a rush—exercise self-control—step there—now another—step in a moderate way—don't get excited." So he goes on till he sets his foot on the centre, and crash! he goes to destruction. Did you set him a good example? No, because you did not take into consideration the difference between your weights. Do you dare to tell that young man, "You are safe, I am a good example," unless you have studied his susceptibilities, and that takes a lifetime to tell.—*J. B. Gough.*

—In future, no student is to have the benefit of a scholarship in Dartmouth College who will not pledge himself to spend no money for liquors, tobacco, billiards, and dancing.

THE SEAL.



Temperance Department.

[For the MESSENGER.

JIM ANDERSON'S LEGACY.

"This is what I call liberty," cried Rawlings, as he issued forth from the tent and stood gazing over the wide expanse of water, dotted here and there with islands, which lay before our camp

A very grotesque figure he presented as he stood there, with his honest and pleasant face, from which beamed a world of contentment love and a good share of wholesome humor To look at him with his high-crowned twenty-five cent chip straw hat with its prodigious brim and rudely-cut ventilators, his pants of many patches, yet clean, airy and comfortable withal, his coarse flannel shirt and huge brogan shoes, no one would take him to be a man of high standing in scientific circles—that great capitalists eagerly sought his advice in regard to gigantic speculations and mining developments, yet so it was. This odd-looking genius with his serio-comic aspect was none other than the famous geologist, Herbert Rawlings.

I was happy in being the friend and companion of this gifted man, whose intellectual endowments were as surprising as his genuine simplicity of manners were captivating We had just gone into our first camp on the shores of a beautiful lake in the northern part of Ontario, after having rowed our skiff a distance of twelve miles, and after pitching our tent, making things snug, and putting on our rough-and-ready camping clothes, when Rawlings gave vent to the exclamation which forms the opening sentence of this narrative.

"This is what I call liberty, and although I am a free-born subject, with my rights, privileges, etc, I never fully realize the benefits of that great boon until I can shake myself freely in an old pair of pants like these, and have for my coronet a hat like this," said he, holding aloft his great rude straw hat "Now," continued he, "why cannot people in cities and towns wear hats like these? There is the high crown which affords space for ventilation, and the broad brim which throws the whole face into shade What could be more comfortable for hot weather? Yet, I'll be bound, should I venture to appear on the streets of K——with this hat on, I should be a laughing-stock, and in order to avoid that discomfort, I should be compelled to leave it off, by doing which, I sacrifice my liberty—I become a sort of slave"

"A slave to fashion," said I laughing at the droll earnestness of my friend

"Exactly—or, you may say, to social prejudice," replied Rawlings

"Well, you know," said I, "society in cities demands a better shaped hat than that you hold in your hand it needs more beauty of design, more elegance of contour, more—"

"Ah! there you go," laughed Rawlings, "beauty before comfort! Now, the moment you alter the shape of that hat the comfort departs The question arises, which is best, for society to become a slave to its prejudice in favor of beauty, or to enjoy the liberty of comfort? For my part, I'll take the comfort, and placing the grotesque hat upon his head, he sat down a few paces from the camp fire, and lapsing into silence, contemplated the frying pan, in which a lusty black bass hissed prodigiously, and sent forth an appetising odor into the evening air

We were alone, Rawlings and I, on a tour of exploration, following up certain rock formations. As the nature of the survey demanded a certain amount of secrecy, we had arranged all our camp equipage so nicely (having a place for everything, and not too much of anything) as to render the services of an attendant unnecessary. We were, moreover, two old campers, and well versed in the domestic duties of out-door life. Our fine cedar skiff—built to order—was so arranged as to accommodate all our baggage and leave ample room for passengers. Upon our arrival at a camping place, it took five minutes to unload the boat, five minutes to pitch the tent, and from ten to twenty minutes to cook a meal. Our mode of life in camp was to rise with the sun, cook breakfast, load our boat and depart over the waters in search of rocks. We would generally arrive by noon at a suitable place for a camp, or return to the last camping place, as the case might be. Sometimes we remained in one camp for several days, and explored the surrounding parts We were governed by no formal routine of action, and were thus enabled to experience the sweets of untrammelled liberty, the sort of liberty that can only be experienced by a nomadic existence in nature's vast solitude.

There was nothing my learned friend more enjoyed than the pursuit of his calling under such circumstances He gloried in the free sunshine of heaven, and preferred its storms and winds to the sporific atmosphere of cities. He was not a strong man, having, it is feared, injured his constitution by intense study; but what he lacked physically was more than compensated for by his mental cultivation. He was acknowledged to be one of the most profound scholars of the age. Any subject he thought worthy of investigation he probed as it were, to the bed rock. The study of Divinity had been his first love, but his contracted chest and feeble vocal powers had thrown him, first on civil engineering and finally on geology, in which science he had risen to great eminence. He possessed other accomplishments also, which rendered him the most charming of companions. Besides being a very encyclopedia of general information in art, literature and science, he was a clever artist and passionately fond of music I have seen him stop suddenly as we sauntered through the woods, and lifting his geological hammer, exclaim, "Hush! listen to him!" and as we stood in silence a flood of melody would issue from the throat of some songster hidden away among the maples, and he would listen enraptured to the matchless harmony as it poured forth from its innocent and unless source, like melodious whisperings from the great unknown realms, wooing the soul upwards in an ecstatic flight to its immortal goal. That's the pure and unadulterated music of heaven," Rawlings would say, "the song is composed by the great All Wise Himself and dedicated to His own glory." Then he would give the name of the songster and the class to which he belonged, and an account of his habit, etc. All things in nature—whether it were the everlasting rock, with their unfathomable mysteries, the mighty woodlands with their vast archives of botanic and flora splendor, the myriad-winged creatures that thronged the air, the furry and insect tribes of earth, the wonders of the deep, or the stupendous glories of the firmament—were to Rawlings the ever-recurring themes for contemplation In all his researches it was his delight to trace in the meanest as in the highest of created things the designing hand of the Creator. With deep humility, in spite of what the world called his learning, he would frequently deplore the darkness that obscured his mental vision. The more he penetrated into the mysteries and handiwork of the Great Creator, the more conscious he became of his own ignorance; and at times he would say thoughtfully, "Perhaps it were better to wait," by which expression I understand him to mean—as, indeed, I have often heard him say—that he looked forward with a lively and trustful hope to the time when, raised in incorruption, he should experience the verification of Christ's promise that "What we know not here, we shall know hereafter"

Perhaps one of my learned friend's most charming traits was his unaffected simplicity of manner and the total absence of egotism or ostentation in his conversation, whether it was upon scientific or common-place subjects. He loved the society of young people, and did not think himself too profound to converse for an hour with a farmer's lad about crops and kine. I was struck one day with his great consideration for another's feelings, when a pompous ignoramus at a village, hearing that Rawlings was "one of those miner chaps hunting for iron," came to us and inflicted upon poor Rawlings a very lengthy speech concerning what he (the stranger) knew about iron ore. He explained in a most tedious manner how *iron-ferous* quartz could be detected among *Black Jack* And a great many more absurdities did he deliver himself of thinking, no doubt, that his vast knowledge of geology would surprise Rawlings and myself. For my own part, I could scarcely keep my gravity, and had to smile very blandly and look in another direction than the speaker. But Rawlings sat as though every word he heard was sound logic and looked with a perfectly composed countenance into the self-opinionated speaker's face. When the man had finished speaking about *iron-ferous rocks*, iron *pyrites*, *copper-iferous* deposits, etc., Rawlings merely remarked that "Geology was indeed a most perplexing study," and when, after the man's departure, I ridiculed his vulgar and absurd talk, my friend rebuked me kindly and said,

"My dear fellow, since every man has a perfect right to his own theory in regard to the hidden secrets of the earth, and whereas we are none of us always correct in our conclusions upon scientific matters, and since I observed some rough truths scattered through this man's eloquence, I am disposed to be very charitable towards him,—aye, I have rather a good opinion of him. for, though evidently a very uneducated man, he is an observant one, and deserves encouragement for his zeal in the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. I never make fun of such people. It is uncharitable. Did you not notice who earnest he was?"

"Oh yes," said I, "he was earnest enough, but so arrogant, so bigoted, I may say."

"That is no fault of his," replied Rawlings, "but rather his misfortune, he simply lacks education, to render him perhaps a very paragon of a geologist, and a perfect Chesterfield in deportment."

I could not but admire my friend's line of argument, at once so charitable and Christianlike, and was glad to drop the subject.

There was one thing about Rawlings that I should have liked an improvement upon, and that was his camp dress. In this matter he carried his love of freedom into eccentricity, I thought. Though scrupulously clean—for he bathed daily—yet, while clad as seen when first introduced to the reader, and, hammer in hand, with a soldier's haversack slung across his shoulders, it was no wonder he was frequently taken for a tramp as he wandered off alone across farm lots following up the rock formations. He was often asked by the farmers if he wanted work, when he would begin to enquire about the wages, and whether he would get "plum duff" on Sundays if he hired out, and after conversing awhile the farmer would begin to find out that it was no ordinary tramp he was talking to, but a sort of "angel unawares."

In the city where he resided, Rawlings was much esteemed by the poor. He ministered to their temporal and spiritual wants. He believed in active Christianity, and that a full stomach was a most excellent tonic for a sermon. Acting upon this belief and considering himself a humble laborer in his Master's vineyard, he went into the hedgeways and byways of the lowly poor; but of his good deeds in this respect, no man can fully testify, for his right hand knew not what his left performed. The recipients of his bounty were told by Rawlings to thank the Great Giver and not the earthly instrument. He always said that a religious tract came to the needy with a better grace from a bag of potatoes or the pocket of a garment than the bare hand, and when he put a warm coat upon shivering shoulders, he would say, "He that giveth thee this coat died that we might live;"—a short sermon, but a very powerful one.

The reader must please pardon my lengthy eulogium of my friend. It is well he should know what an excellent man this Herbert Rawlings was, as it will enhance the interest of what I am about to relate.

During my acquaintance with my friend I had been a witness to some very noble deeds on his part that had influenced for good the destiny of others in a remarkable manner. Indeed, I may say, he had influenced my own destiny by pointing out at a very critical period of my life—when I was almost swamped in the vortex of selfishness, vain earthly aspirations and baneful appetites—the higher and nobler aspirations that should actuate the earthly career of man. There was something about my friend's unassuming and gentle manners that drew every one to him irresistibly and trustingly. He was a very citadel of comfort, upon whom a bewildered and harrassed mortal might lean, as it were, and rest awhile, and then go on his way rejoicing, refreshed and invigorated by timely advice upon a vital matter, or a kindly admonition and warning, or perchance, some more substantial aid in the shape of a coin or a crust. His Christian zeal though unobtrusive was very deep and earnest, and often in the silent night, sitting by our lonely camp-fire, have I listened to his calm yet powerful discourse upon the Infinite Majesty of Him in whose "hands are all the deep places of the earth." His theories too regarding the creation of the vast universe, and the ultimate destiny of man through God's marvellous scheme of redemption, impressed me very deeply and I have often thought that Rawlings was a man ordained by God to perform a peculiar and remarkable mission upon earth, —not by fine rhetoric from the pulpit so much as by the subtle and unostentatious agency of his daily intercourse with humble people, among whom it was his almost daily lot to linger on his scientific explorations. He seemed to carry blessings on his path without any apparent effect. I have seen several instances of this, but none more remarkable than the one I am about to relate, which verifies the promise of Christ to His followers when, nigh two thousand years ago, He said, "Lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end."

We were encamped one glorious July morning on the shore of a magnificent lake in one of the back townships of Ontario. It was Sunday, and after breakfast Rawlings and I walked a couple of miles through the woods to attend Divine service in an unpretending meeting-house. I was much surprised upon our arrival to see my friend go up to the reading-desk and open the service, for he had not mentioned to me about his going to "speak to the people," as he called it I afterwards learned that a day or two previous Rawlings had, during one of his geological rambles, made the acquaintance of a farmer by the name of Miles Anderson, who had stated that the minister who usually conducted the service was sick and in consequence there would be no meeting on this day, whereupon Rawlings, as was his custom on such emergencies, volunteered to "speak to the people." He took his text from the fourteenth chapter of St. John "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." The discourse was full of the most comforting assurances of Christ's continual presence with, and watchfulness over those who confess His name,—that no matter how dark was the way or toilsome the journey of life, so long as we were with Christ there was no necessity for the heart to be troubled or afraid Those living apart from Christ had every reason to be afraid; they had no foundation whereon to build their hopes. Earth possessed no calamity dire enough to overwhelm the tranquility of the Christian's heart. Christ's promise not to leave us comfortless, and to stand by us in the hour of temptation, was a sufficient refuge in all trials for every one who believed in His Holy name, and follow His glorious precepts. Christ often permitted His children to be afflicted with divers grievous afflictions of body and estate, but so sure as those afflicted ones trusted to His will, so sure were they one day brought to see into the Infinite Wisdom of their ever-watchful Father, who worketh all things to the eventual welfare of His children The little meeting-house was crowded with the neighboring families for miles around, who had all been notified by Miles Anderson of Rawlings, intention to conduct the service I never loved my friend more than I did after this simple service. His sermon, though delivered with the utmost calmness, and in the most simple language, was a masterpiece, and I am only sorry I cannot convey a better idea of it than I have. It was easy to observe that the congregation was greatly impressed with the service, and I have no hesitation in saying it will be many a day before such another preacher will fill the reading-desk of that humble meeting-house.

Miles Anderson, who locked up the building and put the keys in his pocket after the congregation had left, invited Rawlings and me to his farmhouse for dinner. I formed a very favorable opinion of Anderson from his appearance and manners. He had a fine open countenance; but what I remarked more, was his bright eyes, which had a depth of honesty and affection in them. They were eyes one could look into and feel that they flashed forth the beams of an honest soul His clothes, however, bore signs of long wear and tear. He smacked of honorable poverty, and yet he wore far better clothes than Rawlings did in camp. But to-day my friend was dressed in his Sunday clothes. How admirable he looked compared to his appearance in his camp rags! We accompanied Farmer Anderson through a part of the neighborhood we had not yet visited. It was exceedingly picturesque. I never beheld so many rocks jumbled up together in such confusion.

Surely," said I, addressing Miles Anderson "this cannot be a very good agricultural region."

"Well," replied the farmer, "it is not an extra good farming section around here, but still it is a good deal better than it looks. It is good for sheep and cattle. Sheep can find a living among the rocks and brush till far into the fall, and even after snow falls, they can bite at the underbrush. There's a good deal of rich grass grows among them rocks, and sheep thrive well where there's rocks."

"But where do you raise the fodder required for them through the winter? You cannot cultivate the rocks," I said.

"That's so," said Anderson, "but its not quite all rocks on my hundred acres; I have about twenty acres of good patches here and there, and I manage to get a living out of it

We continued walking along the road, and at last came to the top of a hill, from which there was quite an extensive view of the country. The view was magnificent. To the left there appeared a long stretch of fertile land which seemed in a high state of cultivation, while in all directions around it there seemed to be an unending profusion of rocks, brush and vagabond timber. As we traversed the road, Rawlings would now and then stop in front of a rock and stare at it for a while, as if in a "brown study." We came to the farmhouse at length. It was built of logs with a rude porch, under which we were glad to get out of the sun's rays. Mrs. Anderson with a baby in her arms welcomed us as only poor isolated farmers' wives know how to welcome strangers. She was "glad to see us," she said, "and sorry her baby kept her from meeting."

(To be Continued.)

—The *Temperance Messenger* says the new liquor-law of Virginia will "shut the doors of hundreds of those pestilent grog-shops which we now find scattered in every direction throughout the State."

Agricultural Department.

FEEDING YOUNG CALVES

As we have seen, fresh milk is the best food for the young calf, and the most natural method of taking it is for the calf to draw it from the udder of its mother. But there are many considerations that come in to prevent this natural method among the 000,000 dairymen of the United States. This natural method is only practicable among the breeders of pure-blooded and high-priced stock, and if such breeder of high blood is located in a dairying district where milk is valuable, it is quite unnecessary that he should feed new milk longer than two months. After that period the calf may be fed upon the skim milk and linseed or flaxseed gruel, with an excellent chance of growing a prize animal. In two months the calf will have made an excellent start and be ready for the modified diet. And if the calf is to be taught to drink, it is better to do this when ten days or two weeks old. It will learn easier at that age than later, and the cow will give more milk through the season than if the calf is permitted to suck longer. The milk being fed warm from the mother, the calf will make a growth not perceptably different from one that sucks. This blooded calf should have the free run of a dry yard, with a little hay or grass to eat, that it may early develop its first stomach and chew its cud. A small field of grass in summer is still better. When the time comes for feeding skim milk, the ration may be made about as nutritious as the new milk by adding it to flax seed gruel, made by boiling a pint of flax seed and a pint of oil meal in ten to twelve quarts of water. Mix this in equal parts with skim milk, and feed blood warmy. Let the calf have its fill twice per day, at regular times, until six months old. During this time teach it to eat a few oats, and in case of a tendency to scour, give, for a meal or two in the milk, a quart of coarse wheat flour, sometimes called by farmers, canel. It will be perceived that the oil of the flax seed will make good the loss of the cream in the milk,—in fact it is a ration as rich as milk itself, and we have seen calves raised upon it quite the equal of calves running with the dam. We have also used flax seed and pea meal to make the gruel to mix with the skim milk, and it has proved an excellent combination.—*Cor National Live Stock Journal*

GARDEN FERNERY.

One of the prevailing fashions in the floricultural world of the day is the cultivation of exotic ferns, either in conservatories or in the dwelling-house, under glass shades or in Wardian cases. This, of course, devolves more or less care on the owner, unless a gardener is employed, for they need constant attendance, a day's neglect in watering them frequently blighting all their beauty for the season, and sometimes even destroying them altogether. A taste for these delicate and beautiful plants is a sure index of a growth in esthetic culture, as their beauty consists entirely in form, without the aid of any meretricious effects produced by color. Unfortunately it is not every one who can afford to keep a greenhouse, or whose domestic or business arrangements will permit him to devote the necessary time to the care of the plants therein. Yet it is not really necessary to have a greenhouse in order to indulge in this luxury, for there are large numbers of elegant ferns, both native and exotic, which are quite hardy and can be grown in the open garden and left out all winter.

The prevailing idea that all ferns must be grown in peat soil and sand, or if grown in the open border, that it must at great trouble and expense be made of such materials, is a fallacy, for nearly all hardy ferns can be grown in any ordinary soil, from a sandy loam to a stiff clay, provided it is free from animal manure and retentive of moisture. In our own garden we have a small collection of Japanese and other hardy ferns growing in a border of heavy soil at the foot of a bank of earth three or four feet high, on the top of which are some shrubs. These cast some shade on the bed below during the hottest part of the day, and the plants flourish and grow luxuriantly, and are admired by all visitors.

Neither is it necessary to have rockeries constructed for their cultivation, we have never seen one in this country that was really satisfactory unless it was supplied with a jet of water or similar appliance to keep the soil moist. Being raised above the level of the surrounding soil like a mound, the hot dry air of our summer months heats the comparatively small stones of which it is composed, and the moisture in the soil is soon rapidly dried out, and if there is one thing more injurious than another to ferns, it is allowing the roots to be once dry. If for the sake of any picturesque effect it is desirable to have a rockery, or to accommodate any species which grows on rocks, the stones should be inserted into the soil or laid upon it at its natural level, and never raised above it. Stones are sometimes useful, when laid on the surface, in retaining moisture and keeping the soil cool, but in all cases shade is necessary, for if the stones are exposed to the full rays of the sun, they become greatly heated, and give out this heat at night, which is another unnatural condition to ferns, for, as almost every one may have noticed, the habitats of ferns are generally, if not always the coolest part of the woods at night.

Any of our lady friends who admire these lovely plants, can have a border protected by the shadows of shrubs cast over it, not shaded by overhanging foliage, may indulge her tastes by massing a collection of such of our hardy and native ferns as grow in her neighborhood. If a border shaded by shrubs is not to be had, the north side of a fence or building will answer the purpose.

The ferns may be dug up from their native habitat and transplanted into the border at any time during the summer, care being taken to lift them with a good supply of roots, and keeping them from getting dry. This is most readily done by laying them in a basket and covering them with damp moss as they are taken up. After they are planted in the border, they should have a liberal supply of water. In the autumn, after the foliage has died down, they should have a covering of two or three inches of leaves, which must be removed early in the spring.

Many of our native species are quite rare, and all are possessed of great beauty, hunting for them will give many a pleasant and delightful ramble in the woods, and their cultivation will well repay any little trouble or fatigue in obtaining them.—*Harper's Bazar.*

SPECIFIC FOR INSECTS AND MILDEW IN ORCHARDS.

Prof. C. Thomas says:—Insects and mildews, injurious to the leaves of seedlings and root grafts, can be kept in subjection or destroyed by a free use of a combination of lime and sulphur. Take of quick or unslaked lime, four parts, and of common flowers of sulphur, one part (four pounds of sulphur to one peck of lime), break up the lime in small bits then mixing the sulphur with it in a tight vessel (iron is best), pour on them enough boiling water to slake the lime to a powder, cover in the vessel close as soon as the water is poured on, this makes also a most excellent whitewash for orchard trees, and is very useful as a preventive of blight on pear trees, to cover the wounds in the form of a paste when cutting away diseased parts. Also for coating the trees in April. It may be considered as the one specific for many noxious insects and mildew in the orchard and nursery, its materials should always be ready at hand; it should be used quite fresh, as it would in time become sulphate of lime and so lose its potency. Wherever dusting of lime is spoken of, this should be used. This preparation should be sprinkled over the young plant as soon as or before any trouble from aphides, thrips or mildew occurs, early in the morning while the dew is on the trees. This lime and sulphur combination is destructive to these pests in this way, first, by giving off sulphuric acid gas which is deadly poison to minute life, both animal and fungoid; and the lime destroys by contact the same things, besides its presence is noxious to them, neither is it injurious to common vegetable life, except in excess, unless the lime to the foliage of evergreens.

BUY SMALL TREES.—Nurserymen usually describe trees on their catalogues as "second class," "medium," "first class," and "extra." The difference in these classes is principally, if not wholly, in the size and height of the trees, and as most farmers desire the best, they suppose that the large "extra" trees merit that description, and hence order them. The fact is, however, that a small tree will grow faster and if a fruit tree, come into bearing condition sooner than a large one and, as the *New England Homestead* states, in half a dozen years the tree that was small when planted will be larger and finer than the other. The larger the tree, the larger the roots which it has, and the larger the roots the less fibres there will be upon them. A tree that has plenty of fibrous roots will grow readily if proper care is used in transportation: but no amount of skill can coax a tree to live and flourish which is destitute of these little fibres. The roots of large trees are always more or less mutilated in the process of taking up, while small trees sustain little injury from this source. Dealers in trees assert that experienced men buy small, thrifty trees, while those who are just starting are anxious for the largest to be had. Those who are to set trees the coming season will do well to learn from the experience of those who, at considerable loss to themselves, have demonstrated that small trees are the ones to buy.

A SCIENTIFIC SCARECROW.—The *Scientific American* gives the following directions for making a scare crow on scientific principles: "The first and the best is a suspended looking glass. Take two small, cheap mirrors, fasten them back to back, attach a cord to one angle and hang them to an elastic pole. When the glass swings the sun's rays are reflected all over the field, even if it be a large one, and even the oldest and bravest of crows will depart precipitately should one of its lightning flashes fall on him. The second plan, although a terror to crows, is especially well suited to fields subject to the inroads of small birds and even chickens. It involves an artificial hawk, made from a big potato and long goose and turkey feathers. The maker can exercise his imitative skill in sticking the feathers into the potato so that they resemble the spread wings and tail of the hawk. It is astonishing what a ferocious-looking bird of prey can be constructed from the above simple material. It only remains to hang the object from a tall, bent pole, and the wind will do the rest. The bird will make swoops and dashes in the most headlong and threatening manner. Even the most inquisitive of venerable hens has been known to hurry rapidly from its dangerous vicinity, while to small birds it carries unmixed dismay."

WHEN TO SEED DOWN TO GRASS.—I have not a doubt that August is the best time. Grass sowed then looks well now, though it hardly started perceptibly before frost, and it appeared to grow but little after that. Even that sowed with late rye is starting now finely, and will stand a drouth much better than any spring sown grass possibly can. Oats seem so much a necessity to horses, that I have favored seeding down with that crop, and raise generally only rye enough for what straw we need. But last summer's experience is a warning. I met Mr. Barstowe, of Norwich, Ct., a life long dealer in implements and seeds for farmers, and he appealed to me to know what time of the year it was best to sow grass seed. With the manner of Sir Oracle I said August,—and, it seems, confirmed some advice which he had just been giving. For my part I was very glad also to be confirmed in my view by so experienced an observer. Rather than sow grass seed with oats, and take the chances of the summer, I think it will pay to plow the oat stubble, and sow the grass and clover together as early as the oats can be gotten off the land.—*American Agriculturist.*

SMALL FRUITS.—The *Factory and Farm* says and with entire truth. "No garden is so small that an assortment of small fruit cannot be grown in it, and only those who have been thoughtful and planted the vine or tree in its little spot among the other collected good things really understands how much can be obtained from a small patch of ground. Because large things cannot be done and extensive preparations made for these things, the many do not enjoy them. A small spot of ground will produce a large yield of strawberries. They open the season of fruit and last about a month, producing a daily supply and banishing sickness from the family. Then, if a few raspberry bushes have been provided in the out-of-the-way places in the garden, that delicious fruit follows fast upon the heels of its forerunner, the strawberry, lasting not quite so long, but filling the interval until the blackberries are ready. These to be followed with grapes in great variety, thus giving a season of small fruit, with little cost of labor or attention and a great saving in providing the table, besides making it better."

—The old-fashioned farmer can perhaps remember when he stared at the idea of baling hay and putting a whole load into a few compact bundles. Years ago, however, it became a familiar practice. But we doubt if it has ever occurred to him to bale manure, and he will stare in good earnest to be told that Mr. Ackerman, of New York, is doing this very thing. He bales stable manure in a common hay-press, and finds that it can be handled as easily as hay, will keep any length of time without spoiling, does not heat, but gradually decomposes into a peat-like substance, and is in fine order to apply to the land. By-and-by we shall expect to see our farmers drawing their baled hay to market and returning with full loads of baled manure. The circle of production will then be complete.

—Cooling off suddenly when heated sends many of our farmers' youths to an early tomb. It is often a matter of surprise that so many farmers' boys and girls die of consumption. It is thought that abundant exercise in the open air is directly opposed to that disease. So it is; but judgment and knowledge of the laws of health are essential to the preservation of health under any circumstances. When overheated cool off slowly—never in a strong draught of air. Gently fanning, especially if the face is wet with cold water, will soon produce a delightful coolness, which leaves no disagreeable results.—*Ex. Paper.*

DOMESTIC.

ODDS AND ENDS.

BY THEO.

As many fashions have originated to hide deformities, so hard times suggest many ideas to use up the odds and ends. Nothing need be destroyed because it is old-fashioned and as fashion is so capricious, in a large family, it takes a little time and thought, by some of its members, to "gather up the fragments that nothing be lost." The bright-colored woollen dresses which were worn a few years ago, now laid aside for more sombre hues, make very soft, warm comfortables, which tacked with pieces of plain cloth or merino look very pretty and will last a number of years. It takes a little time, but it pays.

I have trained my English and German ivy all around my windows and pictures, with the wire taken from old-fashioned bonnets, and used the other material for making pin-cushions, which look fresh and new for the dressing-table when the house is cleaned. Newspapers are very useful when laid in several thicknesses on your floor before putting down a nice carpet, and especially where a room is over a cellar, as they preserve a carpet from damp and mildew.

The nice tin boxes that we get from the grocers, with spices, baking powder, and mustard, can be made into very useful and pretty ornaments; the large size, covered with silver or gilt card-board, with a pattern worked on with bright colored zephyr make tasteful holders for flowers, autumn leaves or lamp-lighters.

The smaller sizes are handy to bake sponge-cake in. Fruit and oyster cans when painted, look well on a flower-stand, for plants or trailing vines and I find them useful for starting seeds and cuttings in at this season, and have often wondered why so many persons wasted them.

Then the various colored envelopes and bright colored papers that are usually burned make lamp-lighters to put in the holders mentioned above.

Paper collar-boxes are also very useful for many purposes. By taking three of the same size and sewing them together diagonally, you can form a wall-basket for some nook in your dressing-room. Then take one, fill it with wool or any material you wish, and crochet a cover for it of worsted and you will find it convenient for hair-pins. I save every pasteboard box, as I make candied fruit in summer of peaches, cherries, etc. then pack them with layers of sugar. Large pasteboard boxes can be used as the foundation for brackets, which are very handsome made of silver or gilt card-board, with patterns worked on them in basket-stitch of worsted or chenille.

When persons live where game is plentiful, it is quite an important item to save the feathers and wings, especially the pretty mottled wings of partridges. Lay them out flat when fresh with a flat-iron on them and they will dry smoothly. Then by placing them in successive rows, you can form the most beautiful bracket or ornament that your fancy suggests. I never saw one until I planned one for myself, which has been much admired. The short feathers of birds can be sewed in rows on cloth for lamp-mats.

These few hints may appear somewhat insignificant to my readers, but "economy is wealth." It takes time to exercise our genius, it also affords entertainment, and makes home pleasant and cheerful.—*Christian Weekly.*

CHICKEN CROQUETTES.—One large chicken, or two medium-sized ones, chopped fine. Put two ounces of butter in a pan, with two well-filled tablespoons of flour, one pint cream, and then season with salt, pepper and herbs to your taste. Let this mixture boil until it reaches the consistency of thick custard. Take off the fire, then stir into it as much of the chopped meat as is requisite to make it thick enough so that when cold it can be formed into balls. Also stir in the yolk of one egg. When cold enough make in croquettes and dip each one in a batter made of one egg, then roll in fine bread crumbs and fry in hot butter.

TO STEW CELERY.—Clean the heads thoroughly, take off the coarse green outer leaves, cut in small pieces, and stew in a little broth. When tender, add some rich cream a little flour and butter, enough to thicken the cream. Season with pepper, salt and a little nutmeg, if that is agreeable.

GINGER SNAPS.—One cup sugar, one of butter, one of molasses, one egg, two even teaspoonfuls ginger and cream of tartar, and small teaspoonful of soda dissolved in three tablespoonfuls of milk—or water will answer. Put the soda in after all else is well beaten together, and mix hard with flour.

SPONGE CAKE.—Two teacup of flour, one teacup of coffee-sugar, three eggs. Mix sugar and yolks of eggs well together. Beat the whites to a stiff froth, then add them to sugar, and lastly the flour and flavoring to suit the taste. This makes one loaf.

THE BABY IN THE BROWN COTTAGE.

A small brown cottage stood on the road-side, opposite an old mill. From the door you could see the great wheel slowly turning. The miller's family lived in the brown cottage. Shall I tell you how many were in this family? Just three.

There was no mother in the miller's brown cottage; only two little girls and a baby. One month ago the mother's early life failed and flickered, as you have seen the light of a lamp when the oil was consumed. Then it went out, and there were tears and grief in the brown cottage.

As for the mother, sorrow and sickness had made both heart and body weak. For a long time before she died, a great shadow rested on her life—a shadow that grew darker day by day. But she was loving and holy, and in His own good time, the Lord closed her tearful eyes in this lower world that He might open them in heaven. And so she went to dwell with angels.

"Where was the baby's father?" I hear asked. "Did he not love and care for it, and for his two little girls also?"

I said that a shadow rested on the poor mother's heart—a shadow that grew darker every day. Such shadows rest on many hearts. The miller had once been the kindest of husbands and the tenderest of fathers. What had changed him? Drink! You know too well what that means.

Once he took a glass of beer only now and then: not that it made him feel any better, but really worse, for it produced a heaviness of head and limbs that was very unpleasant while it lasted. Sometimes a headache was the consequence. But others drank beer, and he joined in the useless and unsafe custom.

After a while, this unwholesome stuff so changed the healthy, natural state of his stomach, that it began to crave the bitter and stimulating draught. Then he drank oftener; which, of course, only made it worse—increasing the unhealthy condition, and likewise the craving thirst that could never be satisfied—no, not even with beer; and so at times whiskey, gin, and brandy were taken. These lead to ruin by a quicker way than ale or beer; because they are more fiery, and burn with a fiercer flame.

You can understand now why a shadow had rested on the mother of these children; and why it had grown darker every day.

The baby was a year old. Hester, or Hetty, as she was called, had just passed her tenth birthday; and Mary was seven. So young, and motherless!

At first thought, it seems as if it would have been better for them to be fatherless also. But God knows what is best always. His tender care was over these little ones, and over their father too.

Now that baby was one of the loveliest things alive—so sweet and pure, so gentle, and yet so full of infantile joy; and so winning in all his ways that none could help loving him.

This neighbor and that offered to take him when his mother died, but Hetty, who had seemed to grow into a woman all at once, said, "No, no; I can't part from baby."

Then a lady who had no children took the half-drunken, wretched father aside, and talked to him until he consented to let her have the baby and bring him up as her own. She wanted to carry him right off; but the miller said, "No, not until to-morrow."

"Better let me take him now," urged the lady.

For Hetty's sake, the miller repeated his "No." He knew how great was her love for the baby, and there was enough of tenderness left in his heart to keep him from adding this to her grief on the day of her mother's burial.

Now it happened that Hetty, unknown to her father and the woman, had heard what passed between them. At first she was almost beside herself with pain. It was as much as her heart could bear to lose her mother, and she felt that to take baby also would, as she said afterward, "just kill her."

"HELP ME TO BE A FATHER INDEED TO THESE MOTHERLESS LITTLE ONES!"

The funeral over, all the neighbors went home, except two, more tender-hearted and pitying than the rest. It seemed cruel to them to turn their backs upon these two little girls and the sweet baby left motherless.

One of them had been a very dear friend of the miller's wife, and she grieved for her loss as for that of a beloved sister.

Taking Hetty by the hand, and leading her into her mother's room, now so still and desolate, she shut the door, and putting her arms about the child, burst into tears, and wept over her for a long time before she could get calm enough to speak.

"I want to talk with you, Hetty," she said, at length, as she sat down and composed herself. The blinding tears dried out of Hetty's eyes, and she fixed them wistfully on the woman's face.

"What are you going to do?" Ah! that was the hardest of all questions to answer.

Hetty's eyes rested for a little while on the woman's face, and then dropped to the floor. Raising them quickly, after a moment, she replied:

"If they'll only let me keep baby, Mrs. Wilder!" The thought of his being taken away came back so vividly to the mind of Hetty that she could not bear it. Her lips quivered and she burst again into tears.

"I thought you were going to keep him," said the neighbor.

"Mrs. Florence wants him, and says she'll treat him just as if he was her own."

"I didn't know that," remarked the neighbor. "If Mrs. Florence will take him—"

"It is very kind in her," said Hetty, interrupting the sentence, "and I'm sure she would be good to him. But indeed, Mrs Wilder, I can't let him go. I feel just as if I should die if they were to take him away. You don't know how I do love him."

"But you are so young Hetty. Almost a child yourself. You can't take care of baby. And, then, who is to be housekeeper?"

I've thought it all over, Mrs. Wilder—over and over again—and Mary and I can do it all," said Hetty.

"Mary and you! Why, Mary is only seven years old," answered the neighbor.

"She's a handy little thing, for all that Oh, we can get along, if they won't take baby."

"What does your father say about it? Has Mrs. Florence spoken to him?"

"Yes; I heard them talking it over. Mrs. Florence wanted to take baby right off; but father said wait until to-morrow."

"It would, perhaps, be better for the baby——"

"It wouldn't be better for anybouy," spoke out Hetty, in a strong and decided manner. "And in particular, it wouldn't be for father."

"Why not for your father?" asked Mrs. Wilder.

Hetty's face grew red and then pale; and her voice choked a little at first, as she answered:

"You know about father, how dreadful it is. It will get worse if baby goes. I'm sure of that. He loves baby. And now mother's gone, I've thought his loving baby so might help him to—to——"

Hetty paused; she could not speak the word that was on her tongue—but the neighbor understood her.

"You are a wise little girl," said Mrs. Wilder, laying her hand on the child's head tenderly, "and in the right, I'm thinking. Now tell me freely all that is in your mind."

"It's just this, Mrs. Wilder," said Hetty, her manner taking on the thoughtful seriousness of a woman. "Father loves baby, and now that mother's gone he will feel softer towards us all. Mary and I will do everything to make it comfortable for him; and we'll always keep baby looking so sweet and clean that he'll love to come home just to see him, instead of going to the tavern when he shuts down the mill. If Mrs. Florence would give a nice white frock, and one with a pink or blue spot in it, and a pair of new shoes, I could keep him looking, oh! so lovely. Father couldn't help coming right home from the mill to see him; and who knows, Mrs Wilder," Hetty continued, growing warm and hopeful, "but father might stop drinking altogether? Oh if Mrs. Florence would do this, and not think of taking baby away!"

"I'll see Mrs. Florence, and talk with her," said Mrs. Wilder, as Hetty stopped speaking.

"Will you? Oh! do, please, and at once! Tell her that it won't be good for us to let baby go."

Mrs. Florence, when all this was related to her, was deeply moved. She had lost a dear baby two years before, and the clothes it used to wear had been folded away in a bureau drawer untouched since then.

"The dear child shall have her way," she answered. Then going to the drawer, into which she had not looked for many months, she took out three almost new frocks, one of white muslin and two of delicately figured chintz; also three pairs of stockings, a pair of morocco shoes, and some underclothing, and sent them to the motherless baby.

On the next day, the miller, sobered by the loss of his wife, kept away from the tavern, and tried to settle in his mind what was best to be done. He had promised the baby to Mrs. Florence, but baby had given him so tight a hug as he kissed and parted from him at breakfast time, that he felt his dear little arms clinging around his neck all the morning as he went about the mill. How could he let him go? And Hetty was good and thoughtful, and so fond of baby. It would break her heart to give him up.

"What a handy girl Hetty is!" the miller said to himself, as he remembered how nice a breakfast she had got for him, and how clean and orderly everything was about the house.

As it drew towards noon, the miller began to feel a little anxious about his promise to Mrs. Florence. She was to have baby that day. What if she had come for him already, and that when he went home at dinner-time there should be no baby to spring into his arms, and hug him around the neck?

In the meantime, Hetty had received the bundle of clothes, and with the bundle had come a message from Mrs. Florence, saying that she had changed her mind about taking the baby.

"Oh, darling, darling!" exclamied Hetty almost wild with joy, hugging and kissing the baby, who crowed and laughed and hugged and kissed her in return; as if he understood and shared in her delight.

"Oh! but won't he look sweet!" she exclaimed, as she opened and admired the beautiful baby-clothes, finer than anything he had ever worn.

"Father will be home soon" she said to Mary," you set the table, I'll wash Petty, and dress him in this pink slip with the white ruffled apron, and tie up the sleeves with bows of blue ribbon. He will look so sweet that father will hardly know him."

So baby was washed and dressed in the new clothes, and I can tell you he did look lovely. There was not a handsomer baby in all that neighborhood.

"He's going to sleep," said Mary, who saw his eyes beginning to droop. "Oh! I wish he'd stay awake until father comes." But even as she spoke, the long, dark lashes fell lower and lower until they rested on his cheeks.

"You hold him until I put on a clean pillow-case." And Hetty placed the sleeper in her sister's arms. A soiled pillow-case was changed for one of snowy whiteness, and baby laid upon the bed where only a few days before his mother had slept the sleep from which none ever awaken in this world.

How lovely he was! No wonder the little sisters lingered about the bed, so entranced by his beauty that it seemed impossible to tear themselves away.

"Father is coming!" said Mary, who had turned her eyes to the window.

Hetty looked out, and saw him crossing the road. His steps were quicker and firmer than usual.

"I want him to see baby all alone by himself." And Hetty, as she spoke, drew Mary from the room.

They heard a low exclamation of surprise from their father when he entered, and then all was still—still for so long a time that Hetty began to wonder, and then to feel uneasy. At last, pushing open the door softly, she looked in, and saw her father on his knees by the bedside, his face buried in the clothes. A little while she stood, almost holding her breath. She was about closing the door, when he lifted his face from the bed-clothes and fixed his eyes on the baby. Tears wet his cheeks. How fondly, tenderly, almost reverently, did he look at the sleeping child, pure as an angel!

A slight movement drew his attention to Hetty. He looked at her for a moment, and then said:

"Call your little sister Mary, my dear."

The two children went up to him. He took them in his arms, still kneeling, and tried to speak to them. But sobs choked back the words he would have uttered. At last, in the anguish of repentance, and in half-despair of his own strength, he cried out.

"Oh Lord and Savour, help me to be a father indeed to these motherless little ones!"

Then a deep quiet fell upon them—a stillness, as if each listened for an audible answer to the almost wildly spoken prayer. Hetty was the first to break the silence.

"Dear father," she said, kissing him and tenderly stroking his cheek, "we'll do everything, Mary and I, to make it nice for you at home. And we'll keep baby as sweet and clean as the richest baby in the land. Oh! isn't he a darling!"

Then they all arose, and bent over the sleeping baby, and, though death had just taken there dearest one away, it was a long, long time since the waves of happiness had flooded their hearts so deeply as now,

The shadows that lifted that day did not fall again. The miller had dragged himself, by a strong effort, through strength given him from heaven, out of a worse slough than Christian sank in ere he reached the Wicket-Gate. Once more on firm ground, love for his baby that grew more winning every day, and love for his good children, Hetty and Mary, who never tired of doing for their father, God used as the means of keeping his feet in the safe ways of sobriety. He never again gave way to drink; but shortly after became a new creature in Christ Jesus.—*Band of Hope Review.*

Get and keep assurance of a peculiar interest in the love and favor of God in Christ. We neither trust known enemies nor doubtful friends with what we account precious. They that know God to be their enemy, they that doubt whether He be their friend or not, cannot with confidence cast their whole care upon Him. But he that can groundedly say with David, "I am thine," may go on as he doth, "Lord, save me." He that can say with the assurance of faith, "The Lord is my shepherd," may confidently add, "I shall not want." The spouse may go "leaning upon her beloved" with all her weight, when she hath first been enabled to say, "My beloved is mine, and I am his. I am my beloved's, and his desire is towards me."—*Dr. Arrowsmith.*

The Family Circle.

A MOTHER'S DIARY

Morning! Baby on the floor,
Making for the fender,
Sunlight seems to make its sneeze.
Baby "on a bender!"
All the spools upset and gone,
Chairs drawn into file,
Harness strings all strung across,
Ought to make one smile,
Apron clean, curls smooth, eyes blue
(How those charms will dwindle!)
For I rather think, don't you
Baby "is a swindle"

Noon! A tangled, silken floss
Getting in blue eyes,
Apron that will not keep clean,
If a baby tries!
One blue shoe untied, and one
Underneath the table,
Chairs gone mad, and blocks and toys
Well as they are able,
Baby in a high chair, too,
Yelling for his dinner.
Spoon in mouth, I think, don't you?
Baby "is a sinner"

Night! Chairs all set back again,
Blocks and spoons in order,
One blue shoe beneath a mat,
"Tells of a marauder;"
Apron folded on a chair,
Plaid dress torn and wrinkled,
Two pink feet kicked pretty bare,
Little fat knees crinkled,
In his crib, and conquered, too
By sleep, best evangel.
Now I surely think, don't you,
Baby is an angel

Boston Transcript

"I CAN'T BEG, AND I WON'T."

"But I can't beg," muttered Sally, as she swung her basket round and round. "I never did, and I won't!" and her head gave a toss up; but it came down again as she talked on to herself. "Mother can't work while the baby is so very little, and father won't be out of prison these three months. I wonder what made him steal that money? 'spose he got desperate hard out of work so long."

It was a cold morning, and although Sally was neat and clean, she had not many clothes on. The wind blew her thin frock, and she sat down on a step to think. "What can I do? Mother says I'm too little to earn enough to keep bread in our mouths, let alone the rent. Then there's nothin for us but to beg, till she gets strong." And she rested her head on her hands as she stared up into the blue sky.

"I'm glad I went to the sewing school with Katie Murray, the teacher said beggin' made your very soul grow little, and made you feel awful mean. Guess I'll try somethin else first," said Sally, as she stood straight up. "I can't carry this old basket round, though, and ask for work; the folks'll shut the doors before ever I speak a word. I'll just run to Mrs Dotty's and leave my basket, and then I'll try a bit of trying."

The basket disposed of, she walked fast to think where to go and what to do. A lady passed her.

"Here's a chance, thought innocent Sally. Please ma'am, do you know how I could earn a few pennies," said she catching the lady by the dress.

"Oh, no, child—let go. How should I know?" and she hurried on, shaking her dress. "Is that the way they answer you? Well I wonder did she ever go without her breakfast," and Sally's eyes glowed with childish indignation.

Her next effort was in a shop. "Can you give me any work, so that I may earn a few cents for my mother?"

"Work," growled the man, "not a bit. Haven't enough for myself to do."

After a few such efforts Sally felt a bit discouraged, but she remembered the stories her father had told in the autumn, before that "dreadful temptation." "He tried for weeks and weeks," thought Sally.

A comfortable old apple woman at the corner smiled at Sally's perplexed face as she walked up to her and asked her advice.

"Ah me, deama, it's a hard winter. I can't help you to-day; try some of them big shops where they say, 'Cash girls wanted,' you're just right size for that."

Sally walked and walked till her little legs were weary, and she was almost giving it up when she raised her head and there was the very sign, "Cash girls wanted." In she went and asked the first girl she saw, "Do you want a cash girl?"

"Oh, go to the desk, I don't know."

On Sally wandered and asked again. Finally a girl, kinder than the rest, said, "Come, follow me, you must see Mr Jones."

"Well, what is it?" said a big man in a big chair by a big desk.

"I want to be a cash girl," said Sally very timidly.

"Who sent you?" asked a big voice.

"Nobody, but the apple woman," responded honest Sally.

"Don't take girls without a written recommendation," said the man, as he wheeled the chair away from her.

"But I must earn some money for mother," sobbed the child.

"Can you add up, and substract, and multiply and divide?" asked the big man a trifle softened.

"No," sighed Sally, "not much, I never was to school but just a little bit."

"Show her out, Miss Jeffries; no time for such applications. Don't bring me any more without a written recommendation."

And before Sally could collect her scattered wits she was alone in the streets crying. Nobody heeded her; she was one of a class, and the world was too busy. She walked on, weary, hungry and heart-sick, then sat down on the steps of a pretty brown-stone house, to have a good hard think.

"So mother was right; I must beg," and as she said it the door of the house opened, and a lady came down the steps. Sally jumped up and stood at a respectful distance, trying to look polite.

"So you were so tired you had to sit down and rest," said the lady in a cheerful voice, feeling she must say something, the child looked so pitiful.

"Yes, ma'am," replied Sally. "I've been walkin' all day, tryin' to earn a few pennies, and nobody wants anything done, so I 'spose ——" and she stopped short, for the very word beg stuck in her throat.

A few kind words, and her whole story was poured out, "and now," said Sally, "I 'spose I've got to get my basket, and beg after all."

"Well, not to-day. I have some work for you, it is pretty hard, and won't last over to-day, but if you do it well I'll give you some pennies."

The lady beckoned the maid who had just come to the basement window. "Here, Susan, take this little girl into the cellar, and let her pile that wood in a nice, neat pile, and sweep all clean around it, and keep her until I come home."

In another moment Sallie was standing in a big kitchen, and the smell of the steaming pots was so delicious.

"You look hungry, sissy," said the kind hearted Susan, "how long since you had your breakfast?"

"Last night," replied the child quite naturally, for she did not have breakfast every day.

"What's that you're sayying?" called out the fat cook who was stirring the pots. "Why on earth didn't you eat your breakfast?"

"My mother's sick," said Sally in a low voice, "and there wasn't but two slices o' bread, so I give 'em both to her, and I made believe I'd found a cold potato."

"Bless the child, Susan, do you think she's telling the truth?" and in a minute Sally was seated at a clean table giving good proof that if she had eaten any breakfast it must have been long ago.

"Well," sighed Sally at last, "I heard of bein too full, but I never believed it afore now; do you often feel that way here?" and she looked around at the tins, boxes and baskets.

"To be sure we're always full, you poor thing. Come along now," said Susan briskly, "My mistress is kind, but if you don't have your work done before she comes back, she'll never give you a cent's worth."

It did look rather discouraging. There was a whole load of kindling wood dumped right on top of the coal. "My mistress can't bear confusion," said the maid, "and here's an old broom to sweep up every scrap."

Sally set to work in good earnest. It was hard work, each little bit had to be put straight, her legs were very weary, and the coal slipped, and the wood tumbled over; so the sunlight was quite gone when the last pile of dirt was swept into a little heap.

"Is she down there yet?" said a voice from the cellar steps, "bring a match, Susan."

Such a vision of beauty to poor Sally, the kind lady in the silk dress down in the cellar. "It looks very nice, very neat, are you tired? did they give you anything to eat?" questioned the lady all at once.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the child, quite uncertain which question to answer first.

"What's your name my dear?"

"Sally Brown," she replied very timidly.

"How much do you think you have earned, Sally?" asked the lady.

"I couldn't say, ma'am, I had me dinner, and if it wouldn't be askin' too much if I might have as good a one for me mother."

It required great courage to say that, but Sally felt that dinner yet, and felt sure her mother had never tasted anything half so good; no pennies could ever buy such a treat.

"No, that's not too much," said the lady smiling. "Really, Susan, she seems modest; put her up a parcel, tea and sugar and plenty of hot dinner for her mother, then bring her to me."

And when she went to the lady, she received a bright silver quarter. Sally just cried, she felt so happy. "I know I didn't have to beg," she sobbed.

To tell the end of my story in as few words as possible, Mrs. Lapsley had Sally to go again the next day to help the cook wash dishes after a lunch-party, and she so won the cook's heart by her willingness, that she was kept on from day to day. Mrs Lapsley went to see her mother, and begged leave to train Sally for a servant. It was hard to part with her, but, "'twas a thousand times better than beggng," as Sally said, and so she went out to live.

I will not say that Mrs. Lapsley found her task always an easy one, or that there were not weeks of discouragement and almost despair on the part of both mistress and maid. But both were patient, and honored honest labor, and to-day Mrs. Lapsley has a faithful maid, and Sally blesses the day that she said, "I won't beg."—*Advocate and Guardian.*

"UNDER THE WAVES."

BY SARAH GOULD.

A little boy was walking on the side of a sheet of water, when his foot slipped, and he fell in and was drowned. The tidings came heavily to his father and mother. The lake was drained, and the lifeless remains recovered. It was very hard to endure the silence that followed in the large mansion after the joyous shouts and boyish games which had once enlivened every apartment.

The mother refused to be comforted. Her words and actions declared that life's charm was all over. The father spent his days at the office, but when his work was over, and he returned home, he painfully missed the youthful footsteps in the wide entry, and felt the solitude at the vacant table which had so long resounded with lively, merry stories. The evenings passed away gloomily—the mother confining her thoughts to the one sad subject.

One day a lady, an intimate friend, called at the house, still elegant within and without. Entering the well-furnished parlor, she noticed something unusual. There were decided marks of neglect. Dust had settled on all the great pictures and objects of *vertu* that had been so carefully selected—till they ceased to be ornamental. The closed shutters had excluded the genial sunlight and warmth, and a dampness had gathered, reminding her of the sepulchre.

When the afflicted lady came in her friend greeted her with cheerfulness as well as sympathy and remarked on the extraordinary beauty of the day.

"The morning is not a pleasant one to me," was the reply. "Since I lost my child I never care to see sunlight any more. Rain and storms suit my feelings better." There was bitterness in her tone.

"My dear friend," said the visitor, "is it right to speak so when God has left you so many blessings?"

"And what blessings has he left me?" replied she with irritation. "I feel now as if I had nothing to live for. Why, he was the only child I had in the world! What blessings have I left?"

"You have," answered her friend, "this pleasant home here, and a delightful one in the country, you have every luxury, numerous friends to participate. Then you have a husband devoted to your happiness, one of the excellent of the earth." She was interrupted.

"But I cannot enjoy them, they are nothing to me—for my only child is dead and gone."

"You ought not to talk in this way," said the lady kindly; "I am afraid to hear you. Do you not know that it is dangerous? Unless you change, your feelings will get such mastery over you that you will not be able to control your actions. You will be utterly unfit to live with your friends, and you will have to be taken from them."

"But do you suppose," said the hostess, "that my husband would suffer that? He loves me too fondly."

"I believe he would," she returned. "That very love would make him glad to relieve himself of so terrible a responsibility." Throwing her arms affectionately around her, she added: "Just think what a home he has to come to, so weary, so sorrowful, too, from the loss of his boy! Every one is talking of his pale, emaciated face, though you are too preoccupied to notice it. Life is going to be a fearful failure unless, in the strength of God, you rise up out of the midst of this deep affliction. He will be your support if you seek him, and will yet enable you to be a comfort and a joy to many that love you. Unless you do this, you will sink far lower than this."

It was time to take leave, and the friends parted pleasantly. But the visitor walked sadly away, quite surprised at her own boldness. It was her nature to be cheerful, and her habit to say things that would please and make friends. She was almost frightened to think of her plainness, and how she had hazarded losing the friendship not only of one, but of that one's husband, and a large circle of relatives, by such seeming sternness.

"But I thought it right," argued she, "it appeared to be my duty, for I love that noble woman tenderly. O, how dreadful to see her going under."

A few days afterwards, however, she received a note in her friend's hand-writing. Hastily tearing open the envelope, she saw by the first glance that a change had already passed over her friend—no gloom, no mourning over the lost child, but a bright, cordial offering of thanks for her sisterly visit, with the assurance that until that morning she had never truly known the value of her friendship.

It appears that on her husband's coming home to dinner that day she had greeted him with a smile, and proposed to drive out with him. He looked astonished and gratified. When the horses were at the door,—

"Which way?" he enquired.

"Around the pond," she answered. His face was overcast.

"But you forget, my dear—our son."

Still she insisted. She had never been in that direction since her boy was drowned. She took the drive with him, and on arriving at the place resolutely turned her face towards the pond, and the very spot where she knew the accident had occurred, and in a tranquil state of mind returned to her home.

The next day she expressed a wish to visit their country place, a little out of town.

"But I understood that you had given up going to the country this year," said he.

She simply answered, "I have thought better of it," and he gladly accompanied her.

The country house was put in order under her direction, and the town house closed for the season. Her spirits brightened, and she prepared to receive and welcome her friends, that she might do something for their happiness. Many homeless ones from time to time filled the empty rooms and seats at her table, and the voices of children, not her own, rang merrily through the spacious playgrounds. She became a genuine "sister of charity," aiding the helpless, and taking by the hand the afflicted and the bereaved, for no one better understood the Psalmist when he cried, "I sink in deep mire, where there is no standing: I am come into deep waters, where the floods overflow me," yet acknowledging with him the happy deliverance, "I will praise the name of God with a song, and will magnify Him with thanksgiving." *Christian Intelligencer*

THE REASON WHY

The *Illustrated Christian Weekly* comments as follows on a recent school-ship mutiny:

So now it appears that after all there is to be no public scandal over the mutiny on board the school-ship "St. Mary." It was not any cruelty on the part of the officers which drove the boys to desperation. It comes out now that no nobler cause is to be assigned for it than the ordinary one.

The New York *Tribune* announces the explanation, and adds a few comments which are worth reading in times like ours.

"The mutiny on the school-ship the other day, it appears, originated in the inflamed ambition of some of the lads who had been reading the adventures of a certain cheap hero of the Bowery variety. Fathers and mothers, in the days when Sandford and Merton and Peter Parley furnished the boy's library, knew that their sons were being made into prigs, perhaps, but at least decent prigs and gentlemen. Now they watch Tom and Joe lay down their spelling-books and regale themselves at will with the heroic deeds of ten-year-old Jack Shepherds or Capt. Kidds, and rub their hands delighted at 'the boy's taste for reading.' Three newly-breeched lads, as we learn, set off last week from Norristown to the Far West, each with a dollar and a revolver in his pocket. Before the end of the first day, luckily, one had shot another in the neck with the revolver, and they were sent back home before they had fairly entered on the short cut. Their intention when they started was to live by shooting chickens in farmyards, and to sleep under hay-stacks. The Mayor of Philadelphia, it is said, asserts that he could rid the jails of two-thirds of the juvenile criminals in the next year if he could banish certain plays from the boards of the variety theatres and put certain books out of print. We only suggest these facts to mothers and fathers. It is their part to clear the jails in future, no mayor can help them.

And that is just all there is to it then: the community excited, politicians trying to make

a handle of it, mothers crying out, "Poor innocent little sailor-boys, whom nobody cares for!" And now it turns out that a few chaps, full of high heroics which they got out of a trashy newspaper somebody brought aboard for them, fancied they could almost be pirates in New York harbor on a ship that could not move, and began their awful career with a swagger and a swear at rightful authority, and ended it with a general rebellion.

Now all we ask is that those who have run into such hysterics of pity for abused boys will keep their own boys from buying the same sort of newspapers, crowded with everything to inflame passion and give distorted views. Said a mother only the other day to ourselves: "My son is trying me a great deal since his father died; he is wilful and perverse; do you know he actually said something yesterday about running away, when I made him get ready for school! The only redeeming thing about it is, he has a decided taste for reading and I feel safe when I see him seated in his little room with his papers around him."

And, out of simple curiosity and friendly regard, we took pains to ascertain that his "papers" were those very sheets of destruction that flaunt their pictures and stories on the corners and in the windows! Because the boy was quiet when he was solitarily debasing his whole soul, this easy-going mother felt he was out of peril. And she opened her eyes with vast amazement, wondering where he ever got the notion of a boy's running away. He got it precisely where the lads of the school-ship got the notion of its being an heroic thing to murder a captain and seize the ship.

SUCCESS IN TEACHING.

BY HOPE LEDYARD.

"That is the most successful Sunday-school teacher I know," and my friend pointed out a plain, almost common looking man, seated about the middle of the room—for we were at a "normal-class" meeting. The leader called on one and another to explain different verses of the lesson, but "my man," as I began to call him, never rose.

At last the lesson was finished, and the leader said, "Will our friend Mr. —— lead us in prayer?" It was the one who had been pointed out to me, and surely "He who knoweth the heart" led that man to show us, in his prayer, the true way to success in our teaching. He said little more than a few words from the Bible, but what prayer could have been more fitting for Sunday-school teachers? "Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and of Israel, let it be known this day, that thou art God among us, and that we are thy servants, and may we do all things according to thy word. Hear us, O Lord, hear us, that these children, whom we love, may know that thou art the Lord, and wilt thou indeed bind their hearts to thee?" The words were, with little alteration, just what we had been studying; and then using the words of the Psalmist, he prayed, "Create in us clean hearts, O God, and renew a constant spirit within us. Uphold us with thy free Spirit, and then will we teach successfully."

I do not know if I can, by the mere printed words, give the impression that prayer, uttered with earnest tones, made upon me. That man owed his success, I felt sure, not to his great desire to be successful, but to his constant watchfulness as to whether he were right in the sight of God. Many teachers do not read this lesson, perhaps, but I am convinced there are many who do. Take care that we are not mere sign-posts pointing heavenward. Take care that we do not overlook ourselves in our application of Bible truth. We must "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" God's Word to be successful in our Sunday-school work. We can have earnest, interested scholars without it, delightful reviews, and all seem very flourishing, but there is no spiritual progress.

I had a talk with this successful teacher afterward. I found he had a large class of boys, almost all of them had been converted since joining the school. "How has it come about?" I asked, almost curiously.

"What!" said he quickly, "are you discouraged about your class?"

"Yes, I may as well own it."

"Will you be offended at my plain speaking?"

"No."

"I will tell you how it was with me. I used to talk and visit and study, and hardly saw any results. I now make one rule. I test my own life, day by day, by my study of God's Word. It is a very humbling matter. I find it much harder to have perfect faith in God, when I am distressed as to my business or my children are ill, than to urge my scholars to have it; but I have learned that my scholars catch it from me a great deal sooner when I live out the lesson. For instance, I know a lady who teaches a large Bible class of young women. She expounded, questioned on, and applied the story of the widow's barrel of meal and cruse of oil most beautifully, but I doubt if her words were half so effective as they would have been if she had practically believed what she was teaching. I knew that the week before her washerwoman had brought her little child to the house evidently hoping the boy would get a hot dinner. Mrs. —— took care to send the child home before the dinner-hour. 'I really can't afford it in these times,' and, truth to tell, she was poor, was hard pressed for money, but—surely if she believed what she taught, the child would have had his dinner. Just live out your lessons, no matter where they lead you to, and you'll succeed."

I thought of the half-worn shoes lying on the shelf, ready for the time baby's feet should be large enough for them, while children whose feet were just the right size were crying with cold, and I understood my want of success. I thought how earnestly I had spoken of Elijah's gentle patience with Obadiah, and of his reassuring tones, and yet how hastily, only the next week, I had scolded my own child for what I considered foolish fear. I thought—but no, you can think of your failures and I of mine, and may we be indeed living epistles, read of all men, and, what is more, read by the little ones and the ignorant who cannot read their Bibles, and to whom "actions speak louder than words."—*S. S. Times.*

DON'T BORROW.

D. L. Moodie gives the following advice to young converts:—

I believe that a great many people are now suffering, and are suffering a thousand times more than they would if they had not run into debt, not only for liquor, but for other things. And I want to say to you, young converts, that if you will take my advice you will keep out of debt. If friends want to advance you money to help you up, tell them you won't have it. I would rather have twenty-five cents that I have earned by the sweat of my brow, than twenty-five dollars that I have borrowed and that I will have to pay back. Work your way up to the top of the ladder and you will like to stay up there; but if you are lifted up there by somebody you will be all the time tumbling back, and you will get disheartened and discouraged. It may be that it will take years for some of these men to pay their debts. If their hearts are right and their purpose right, and they mean to pay their bills, and they pay them just as soon as they can, that is just as acceptable to God as if they paid them all at once. I have great confidence in those men that profess to be reclaimed, if they go to work. If you cannot get as much for your work as you think you ought to get, get whatever you can. But some of these men have not done anything for years but drink liquor, and they are not adapted to hardly anything, and they are not fit for much at first. It is difficult to get them situations, and if we do succeed in getting them work they ought to take it, and thank God for it. Something is a good deal better than nothing. There is a man upon this platform who is going to speak to you that I admire very much, because he went to work for $3 a week and boarded himself. You say that $3 a week won't pay your board, but it will help, and it is a good deal better than nothing.

NOTHING WON'T IF THREE DOLLARS DON'T.

You want to get those employers always under an obligation to you. You must be such true men, and so helpful to your employers, that they cannot get along without you, and then you will work up, and your employer will increase your wages. If a man works in the interest of his employer he will be sure to keep him and treat him well, but if he only works for money, and don't take any interest in his employer's business he will let him go at any time. They can get any quantity of such men. But if they get a man that takes an interest in his work they cannot spare him, for such men are scarce.

NOT A GENTLEMAN.

There ought to be a sentiment which men call "honor" in regard to these things. Clean hands in matters of money among the young certainly ought to be the indispensable condition of gentlemanliness. No man who borrows and does not pay, and does not care whether he pays or not, is a gentleman, no matter how witty, or gay, or fine he may be. To speak in good plain English, the man who dresses himself at another's expense, not knowing how to pay, nor caring whether he pays or not, is a genteel scoundrel! And yet, such things are done by good-natured folks, by very kind-hearted people, by persons who never probe them morally to ascertain what their tendency is, and what they lead to; and if their father and mother are dead, or absent, or if they are surrounded only by those who are as green and callow as themselves, somebody ought to tell them what a fatal mistake they are making, what dangers they are laying themselves liable to, what risks they are running, and who should tell them if not their minister?

Generally where men have done this kind of wrong it is followed by a long train of temptations to other wrongs. In the first place, men often borrow without a certain competence to repay. Provided they would deny themselves, before the time of payment, from other indulgences, and bestow that which they thus saved to the settlement of their debt, they might meet it, perhaps but the question is whether they will go on being happy, and be dishonest, or whether they will stop their self-indulgence for a time and be honest, and then go on enjoying themselves again; and very generally men adopt the latter course, and defer payment.

This is a very cruel thing when it is practiced under certain circumstances; as, for instance, where a poor man works the week through, and on Saturday wants his wages in order that he may make provision for his household on the Sabbath. It is very cruel when the poor seamstress, having, as it were, sewed her very life into her work, returns it to some niggardly employer, who turns her off without paying her, saying that it is not convenient for him to attend to it. Hundreds and thousands of suffering people are turned away groaning from the doors of those to whom they have a claim, and who are able to care for them.

Now, nobody is a gentleman or a lady who is indifferent to the condition of the poor. The poor are God's children pre-eminently. He that smites the poor buffets the Master in His face, for He said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me." Many do not pay their newspaper man promptly. "It is not quite convenient," they say. Many do not pay their grocer's bill when it is presented, because "it is not quite convenient." Many do not pay the sewing woman, or the man in the kitchen, or the farm hand, when they ought to, for "it is not convenient." They neglect these duties with impunity, because they know that for those people there is no appeal; that they are weak, that they cannot go to the courts for redress, that there is no public sentiment which protects them: that they can control them. They are in their hands, and they sacrifice them to their convenience. There is a great deal of suffering in life on this account.—*H. W. Beecher.*

PLAIN DEALING.

The late John Ashworth was a succorer of many among the poor, and he sometimes gave them advice that was worth more than money. A more generous-hearted giver could rarely have been found, but he was not, therefore, easily imposed on.

A man once came to Mr. Ashworth as he stood on his doorstep, and pleaded, with a pitiable look and in a whining tone, "Please, sir, will you relieve me?"

Ashworth detected him at once, and asked the man to exchange places with him, and, imitating his gestures and tone, he stood before him, whining, "Please, sir, will you relieve me? Please, sir, will you relieve me?" and said, "How do I look?"

The man colored up, and would have made his escape, but Mr. Ashworth then spoke kindly to him, and told him that, if he had the spirit of a midge, a young man like him, with a good trade in his fingers (a cabinet-maker), would be ashamed to go about whining at people's doors in that way. He advised him to look up into God's clear blue sky, shake himself, settle down, and be respectable; gave him a sixpence, and did not expect to see him again.

Some months after, the same man, but very different in appearance and manners, called at Broadfield to thank Mr. Ashworth, gave in a subscription towards the Chapel for the Destitute, and hoped he would serve all such in the same way he served him. The man said he was so vexed that he could have thrown the sixpence in his face, but he was made so ashamed of himself that he resolved to take his advice. He went to a neighboring town, got work; and now, he said, he had two suits of good clothes, and a few pounds in his pocket.—*Cottager and Artisan.*

"WE PASSED THAT."

It's one thing to have an object in life, it is quite another thing to know when we are aiming at it. Many begin well, but after a time get off the course; then their life is more likely to go wrong than right. The following incident has its moral for all who are aiming to do right:

During a beautiful summer's night, on one of our great lakes, the mate of a boat thought that he might take a few hours' rest, and entrusted the rudder into the hands of his boy, a somewhat simple-minded lad. "Do you see that star straight before us?" he said to him, pointing to the Polar star.

"Yes."

"Well, you have nothing to do but to keep the boat straight in that direction."

"I understand."

The captain fell asleep. The boy did the same. The wind changed; the boat turned out of its course more and more, till at last it had made a semi-circle. The boy awoke: he was astonished to see behind his back the star which just now had been straight before him, but he did not the less continue with a firm hand to steer the boat towards the south, from whence it had first come.

Two hours after the master in his turn awoke. He cast one glance upon the sky and another upon the boy.

"Well, stupid! what are you doing?"

"I'm still keeping always straight before me, as you told me."

"Ah, indeed! and the Polar star?"

"Oh, the Polar star! Why, we passed that long ago"—*Youth's Companion*

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA

XVII.

1. A word which signifies "peace."
2. A child who was born on the day of a great national calamity
3. A city which was popularly supposed to produce nothing good
4. A son of Saul who reigned over Israel for two years.
5. The father of Boaz.
6. An orator who accused St. Paul before Felix.
7. A king of Syria who was anointed by a prophet of Israel.
8. David's eldest brother.
9. The queen of Egypt in Solomon's time
10. The town in which Samuel's house was
11. The people who erected an altar "to the unknown God."
12. The only leper who was cleansed during the reign of Jehoram, King of Israel.
13. A conqueror whose death was more disastrous to his enemies than his life had been
14. The country whence Elijah originally came.
15. A Moabitess who married into the tribe of Judah.
16. The Ethiopian eunuch who interceded for Jeremiah.
17. The mountain given to Esau for a possession.
18. The Church to whom it was said, "Thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead"
19. Leah's fifth son.
20. The conqueror of Chushan-rishathaim
21. A servant whose master granted him leave of absence for twelve years
22. A runaway slave who was sent back to his master by St. Paul.
23. The age of Moses when he visited his brethren.
24. Absalom's daughter.
25. An Egyptian slave who became the mother of a great nation.
26. The father of Bathsheba.
27. The well near which Isaac dwelt
28. The tribe to whom it was said, "As thy day, so shall thy strength be"
29. A charge which was given to the disciples and to all Christians.

The *initials* of the above names (or words) give us a definition of sin.

A STEP IN ADVANCE.—The New York University has taken a decided step foward in the decision of the faculty to admit women to all the advantages of the triple course of studies in that institution—the classical, law, and medical schools. Whether Chancellor Crosby would admit them also to a theological department cannot be known, since there is none; so that he has nothing to fear from Mr Craven. The question of the co-education of the sexes is not involved, for the recitation-rooms are already crowded, and consequently the women students who apply will be necessarily organized in separate classes, and will use the recitation-rooms at different hours. Diplomas will be issued to women as to men. We congratulate this honored and honorable institution in being among the first of our older Eastern colleges to lead off in such a forward movement. It is asserted to be pernicious to educate the sexes together, but it can hardly be claimed that the pernicious influence lingers in the walls of the recitation-rooms, so that it is necessary to carry on the education at nearly double expense in different buildings and with different instructors.—*Christian Union.*

BORROWING.—Have your own things. Accustom yourselves to being careful to keep on hand your own stock of writing paper, pens, pencils and india-rubber. Do not depend on mamma's work-basket for a thimble or needles, not on her bureau-drawer for ruffle's and handkerchiefs. Do not consider that you have a right to borrow papa's knife, nor to make a foray on Brother Tom's room for strings and wrapping-paper. Everybody should be independent of the home world, so far as some personal belongings are concerned. If you allow yourselves to form the habit of going here and there with "Please lend me this," and "Do oblige me with that," you will often annoy people who are too polite to show their feelings, and you will sometimes incur mortifying refusals. It is usually much better to do without the use of an article than to borrow it.—*From "Words to Young People," by Margaret E. Sangster.*

"CAN WE AFFORD IT?"

BY ALICE DELANO.

How often, in the "privy council" of home, is this question passed from father to mother, as the case in hand is turned over and viewed from different standpoints.

Now, while retrenchment is the order of the day, while wealthy corporations think it not beneath their dignity to practice the humble virtue of economy, it may not be vain to offer suggestions to that most perfect of all societies, the family. As is the family, so is the nation The peasant household of France can always lay away the wee bit of gold—and now behold undaunted France step forth with bags of treasure and appease the awful god, Debt, before his giant hand can touch her fair land

The question is not, "Shall we economize?" but, "How may it be done wisely and well?"

I have known a mother to deny herself the lively chintz with which to make a lounge covering, and daily rasp her children's tempers by a broken door-latch or very lame lamp. Yet these same children had their Sunday sashes, and the young misses rejoiced in "three buttoned" kids. Good woman, we have one fault to find with you. You do not put a sufficiently high estimate on your "vocation" as housekeeper and home-maker. Your table groans with good things—you might easily save enough (with detriment to no one) to correct all these aggravations about your little domicile. Oh! that you would duly appreciate and prize nerve-material and guard it accordingly!

It is misplaced economy against which we inveigh That which ministers to the home-feeling, e specially that which combines use with-beauty, should be the last on which to lay the unpitying hand of retrenchment. Where shall we draw the dividing line between necessity and indulgence? Shall we spend money for our Lucy to take music, and will it be wise to let Harry take elocution? These and similar questions are fruitful themes at many firesides, and various indeed are the motions that contribute to the settlement of such vexed questions.

A talent for the fine arts, or any one of them, should be developed, even though it call for some sacrifice. A talent—that is what we mean. Not all are designed by nature to sing like the nightingale, or brilliantly entertain others in any way. We do not say that such study is ever unadvisable to those who can well afford it. Any branch of science or art cannot fail to be a discipline to the mind; but we are writing for the benefit of the "unrich," we will say, for people do not like to be called poor

It is a swift and sure thing to teach those who have talent, therefore it is more economical, strictly considered, for such persons to pursue those studies than for others. Cherish the beginnings of talent in those wee specimens of humanity you have in charge, but notice the signs. Study your children, and you will be more economical in their education as well as better satisfied with the result Some men spend half their lives in an effort to discover the "specialty" for which nature intended them We can but reflect that, if the guardians of their young days had had more regard for the "eternal fitness of things," there would be less to mourn over in the way of misplaced economy and wasted time

THE LEGEND OF THE GANGES.

The Ganges is considered sacred because it is said not to have its source on earth, but to descend from happier regions above, and to be the heavenly daughter of Himavat, or Himalaya How it came to flow from heaven, they say, was this —In Ayodhya, or Oude, as it is now called, there was once a great king, named Sagara, who had two wives, but no children. He wished very much to have sons, and at last the pitying gods sent two sons to one wife, and sixty thousand to the other. But Sagara soon lost them all. Wishing, one day, to honor one of the gods, he resolved on offering one of the finest of his horses as a sacrifice, but a huge serpent came and carried off the intended victim to the bad regions below, and Sagara sent his sixty thousand sons to recover it Down, and down, and down, they digged and digged, terrifying all creation, till they came to the place where the horse was. The animal was quietly grazing; but for attempting to carry it off, the sixty thousand princes were reduced to ashes by Vishnoo, who was keeper of the horse. As the princes did not return, Ansumat, the grandson and heir of Sagara, was sent in search of them. On discovering their fate, he thought that if he could only pour some sacred water on their ashes, their souls would rise to heaven He was told, however, by a bird of Vishnoo, that no earthly water could prevail, and that he must procure the water of the Ganga from heaven. Sagara and Ansumat, and their successors for thousands and thousands of years, lived austere lives, and besought the gods that the river might flow down, till at last Brahma consented, on condition that the god Siva would allow the water to fall on his head, the earth being too weak to receive it. After many entreaties Siva angrily consented; the Ganga descended on the head of the god; and washing the ashes of the sixty thousand sons of Sagara, raised their souls to heaven.—*From "Little Folks" for February.*

> Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him.
>
> PSA. 37: 7.

SCHOLARS' NOTES

THIRD QUARTER.

LESSON I

July 1, 1877.—Acts 13: 1-13.

PAUL IN CYPRUS.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Then the deputy, when he saw what was done, believed, being astonished at the doctrine of the Lord."—Acts 13:12.

HOME STUDIES.—*M.*—Matt. 10: 1-15. *The Twelve Commissioned. T.*—Luke 10: 1-20. *The Seventy Sent Forth. W.*—Matt. 28: 11-20 *The Apostolic Commission. Th.*—Acts 11: 19-30. *The Gospel at Antioch. F.*—Acts 13: 1-13. *The First Foreign Mission. Sa.*—Isaiah 60: 1-12. *The Conversion of the Gentiles. S.*—Ps. 72 1-20 *Christ's Universal Kingdom Predicted.*

INTRODUCTORY.

We return to our studies in the Acts of the Apostles. In the first twelve chapters we were occupied with the history of the planting and extension of the Christian church among the Jews. This involved, as leading events, the rapid growth of the church in Jerusalem, great persecution, the death of Stephen, the preaching of the Gospel in Samaria, the conversion of Saul, the opening of the door to the Gentiles, and the imprisonment and miraculous release of Peter. We now come to the history of the great movement to carry the Gospel to the Gentiles.

MEANING OF THE TEXT.

Church at Antioch. Probably organized, certainly largely increased, by Barnabas. Ch. 11: 20-24. *Simeon called Niger*, to distinguish him from Simon called Peter. *Cyrene*, a province of Northern Africa. *Herod*, the one who beheaded John the Baptist. He was the son of Herod the Great, and uncle of the Herod of ch. 12 *As they ministered*, i. e., engaged in service. *The Holy Ghost said.*—Possibly audible to all. *Separate me*, i. e., set apart unto me for special service. *Laid hands on them.*—For designation and commitment to a specific work. *Seleucia.*—Below Antioch, on the seacoast. *Cyprus.*—An island off the coast. *Salamis.*—At the east end of the isle of Cyprus. *John*, whose surname was Mark. Ch. 15: 37. Nearly related to Barnabas (Col. 4: 10), and author of the second Gospel. *To their minister*, i. e., as their assistant in some service *When they had gone through the isle.*—Probably preaching as they went, when opportunity offered. *Paphos.*—A city on the western coast of Cyprus *They found*, i. e., fell upon—met with. *Bar-jesus.*—Literally "Son of Joshua," a Jewish sorcerer, falsely claiming special communications the other world. *The deputy.*—An officer under the Roman government. *Prudent*, i. e., in the sense of being thoughtful, sensible. *Withstood*, i. e., opposed. *From the faith* i. e., from the truth. *Who also is called Paul.*—From this time onward, as if to mark the divine recognition of his special mission to the Gentiles, here begun. *Filled with the Holy Ghost.*—Hence putting it past all doubt that the following denunciation was no burst of mere human anger but a divine judgment upon the act, even *Full of all subtility*, i. e., craft, mischievous, to an intense degree—bad through and through; devilish, opposed to all good. *To pervert the right ways of the Lord*, i. e. to make the straight seem crooked, the truth of the God's right ways of communication with man, Hymns changed into the false ways of divination and magic *The hand*, i. e., the power *Of the Lord.*—Not of man. *Is upon thee.*—For punishment *For a season.*—Literally "till a time." How long is mere conjecture. And what the effect of the blindness was is also mere conjecture. *A mist and darkness.* Either denoting cause and effect, or a gradual loss of sight—first a dimness, and then total blindness In either case the blindness was total. He could not see the sun. *The deputy believed.*—Whether savingly or not it is impossible certainly to determine. But the clause *being astonished at the doctrine*, would not indicate a spiritual impression and conviction. He was struck with wonder and not at the teaching, but at teaching attended by such a marvel. *Loosed*, i. e., put to sea, sailed. *John departing returned to Jerusalem.*—It is idle to speculate on the reason for this. But manifestly it was for some reason that did not carry Paul's approving judgment. Ch. 15: 38.

CENTRAL THOUGHTS.

Giving the gospel to the heathen is the work of God.

[This is a grand missionary lesson. It is exceptional in the direct divine sanction it gives to the work among the heathen. It ought to be so used as to silence all cavil and to dissipate all doubt concerning the duty of those who are in the light of the gospel to the perishing nations that still sit in darkness.]

I. *The Holy Ghost originated the first foreign mission.* It is here made plain (v. 2) that the work of extending the gospel to the Gentile world was *directly of God*, and not a matter of human judgment in view of general divine directions and promises. It was not left to inference either as to the time of its prosecution or the agents to prosecute it For,

II. *The Holy Ghost chose for this foreign mission work the very choicest of the preachers and teachers of the then existing church*, v. 2. *Barnabas* was already eminent as a son of consolation (ch. 4: 36), gifted of God and successful (ch. 11: 22-24 *Saul* was scholarly, profound, argumentative, with a reputation already established for bold acts, power and success, at Damascus, Jerusalem, and Antioch. Ch. 9: 27-29; 11: 25, 26.

PRACTICAL LESSONS.—1. *The Spirit of Christ is the spirit of missions* He who has no interest in the work of foreign missions is not in sympathy with the Holy Ghost. vs. 2, 4.

2. *No land in our own country* can ever justify the neglect of millions abroad without God and without hope. Here was a vast work still undone in Syria; the gospel had been preached only a little while, a good degree of success was attending it; Syria was an important centre; but this case in the history of the Church, the most able and the most successful of her county force of laborers were selected by the Holy Ghost and sent forth to other lands. *This is God's unmistakable testimony that he would have his Church, no matter what the circumstances of need at home*, ACTIVE, HARDEST AND SELF DENYING in giving the gospel to the *perishing and perishing nations that know it not.*

III. *The Holy Spirit* WORKED THROUGH THE CHURCH. v. 3. Direct divine agency did not dispense with human agency in securing men. Paul and Barnabas were set apart and sent forth *by the Church* (v. 3), and yet *by the Holy Ghost.* v. 4.

LESSON.—*God is not going to convert the heathen without human instrumentality.* "How shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall hear they without a preacher? and how shall they preach except they be sent?" Rom. 10: 14.

IV. *In the first field of foreign effort the Holy Ghost proved more than a match for the powers of darkness.* vs. 8-11. An apostate Jew stood as a child of the devil to resist the progress of the truth in a Gentile heart. This sorcerer not only sought to turn the deputy from the faith (v. 8), but to pervert the truth itself. v. 10. Instead, however, of turning the edge of the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, that sword of the Spirit went clearing through this sorcerer's refuges of lies, and proved "a discerner of the thoughts and intents of his heart." Heb 4: 12. The biter was bitten. In seeking to blind another he himself was blinded.

LESSON.—*The Church of Christ may expect victory on any heathen field, if she go forth full of faith and of the Holy Ghost.* God will surely continue to crown with signal success the work as himself began. The missionary may fling the word of God single-handed against the false systems of the pagan world, and the Holy Ghost will make that word mighty to the pulling down of the strongholds of the heathen.

LESSON II.

July 8, 1877.—Acts 13: 26-41.

PAUL AT ANTIOCH.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"And we declare unto you glad tidings."—Acts 13: 32.

HOME STUDIES.—*M.*—Acts 13: 14-25. *Paul in the Synagogue. T.*—Acts 13: 26-41. *Forgiveness Preached. W.*—Ps. 2: 1-12 *The People Warned. Th.*—1 Cor 1: 18-31. *Christ our Righteousness. F.*—Rom. 3: 1-11. *Christ Free from the Law. Sa.*—Gal 1 1-24 *Christ the only Way. S.*—Ps. 32: 1-11 *The Blessedness of Pardon.*

INTRODUCTORY.

From Perga, Paul and Barnabas passed directly north to Antioch in Pisidia, a journey of about ninety miles. It was a rough, dangerous, mountainous way, and here, doubtless, they experienced some of those "perils of" which Paul speaks in 2 Cor. 11: 26. This Antioch is to be distinguished from the Antioch of Syria, where Paul and Barnabas had already labored. They entered into the synagogue on the Sabbath, and were invited to speak. Paul's address in response is especially noteworthy as bringing out distinctly the great doctrine of justification by faith in Jesus Christ. After the manner of the Jews, Paul began with a reference to the historic record of the Jews. By a rapid sketch he brought his hearers from the captivity in Egypt down, through David to Christ, where the present lesson begins.

MEANING OF THE TEXT.

Children of the stock of Abraham, i. e., Jews by birth *Whosoever among you feareth God*, i. e., Gentiles who had renounced their idolatry and accepted the God of the Jews. *The word of this salvation.*—The tidings of this way of salvation through Christ. *Knew him not*, i. e. Jesus *They knew not his real character as the Messiah. Nor the voice of the prophets.*—The Jews mistook the meaning of their own Scriptures (2 Cor. 3: 14), and so in crucifying Christ they unknowingly fulfilled what had been predicted by the prophets concerning him. Isa. 53: Ps. 22, &c. *No cause of death*, i. e., no ground upon which they could justly condemn him. Matt. 27. 24; Luke 23: 22. *They took him down.*—This was really done by the friends of Christ, but as it was with Pilate's sanction (John 19: 38) and as the tomb was sealed and a watch set by the Pharisees and Pilate (Matt. 27 62-66), the whole transaction is comprehensively ascribed to Christ's enemies. *He was seen many days.*—The risen Christ throughout forty days gave "many infallible proofs" (Acts 1: 3) of his resurrection, and scores of witnesses (1 Cor. 15: 5-7) testified of these to the Jews in Palestine. *And we declare*, i. e., we, Paul and Barnabas, bring you this glad news of a fulfilled promise—the great promise of a Messiah so frequently given in the Old Testament. *In that he hath raised up Jesus*, i. e., from the dead. The resurrection is the crowning proof of Christ's messiahship. Rom. 1. 4. At no period of Christ's life was there such signal divine testimony borne to his claim of divine sonship, as when God raised him from the dead. *No more to return to corruption*, i. e., never to die again. This made Christ's resurrection unlike all others that had preceded it, and in this sense he was the first born or begotten from the dead, i. e., *to immortality . . . . The sure mercies.*—The things infallibly pledged. Among those was the perpetual possession of the throne (2 Sam. 7: 13, Isa. 9. 7), which could only be true as Christ should live and reign forever. *For David, &c.*—David was mortal. Like other men he served his generation and died. He was laid (literally "added"), unto his fathers and saw corruption. Hence he could not be the subject of his own prophecy in Ps. 16. 10. But Christ, whom God raised from the dead, saw no corruption, and so answers to the prophecy *Through this man.*—This same Jesus who is proffered to be the Son of God with power by his resurrection *By him . . . . by the law.*—Literally, "in him . . . in the law," i. e., in union with him . . . . in union with the law—through him . . . . through the law, as grounds of justification. *Justified*, i. e., freed from the condemnation of our sins, so that we are exempt from their punishment evermore, and accepted of God as righteous. The true sense of the passage is, To every one believing, i. e., accepting Jesus as a Saviour and trusting in him alone for salvation, the remission of all sins is secured in Christ, for which sins he could not possibly secure remission under the law, i. e., by any attempt to obey the law. *Beware.*—Literally, "look," i. e., look out, be on your guard. *In the prophets*, i. e., in the prophetical writings. This verse, found in substance in Habakkuk 1: 5, is not a prophecy which Paul here declares about to be fulfilled, but it is language that had its fulfilment in the judgments brought upon the Jews by the Chaldeans, and is here simply used by the apostle as fitly expressing the solemn warning he would give his hearers against the rejection of the gospel. The terrible scenes at the destruction of Jerusalem, and the terrible punishment of the finally impenitent, alike answer to these words

CENTRAL THOUGHTS.

1. *Only in Christ Jesus is there forgiveness of sin.* vs. 38, 39. The great doctrine of justification by faith is here for the first time by Paul clearly and distinctly announced. The historical facts are first cited, in order to lay a foundation for this central truth of the gospel, which the apostle presses home upon the hearts of his hearers.

There are several distinct points involved in this doctrine. 1. The salvation is free, as faith is the sole condition. "All that believe." 2. The salvation is sufficient Justified from all things." 3. Salvation is otherwise impossible, "Could not be justified by the law."

LESSONS.—1. The door of mercy is opened to all "Whosoever will." "All that believe."

2. However great the multitude of our sins, the multitude of God's mercies in Christ Jesus is greater. The worst case is not too hard Forgiveness of all sins is preached through Jesus.

II. *Rejection of Christ involves fearful and inevitable destruction.* vs. 40, 41 God will work upon those who obey not the gospel a work of retribution which men will not believe, though it is repeatedly declared unto them They will keep on despising and doubting until they "perish"

LESSONS.—1. Our unbelief about the punishment of sin will not alter the reality.

2. How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?

3. To hear the gospel and not heed it, is worse for us than not to hear it at all.

4. Invitation and warning go together.—*Herrick Johnson, D.D., in Presbyterian at Work.*

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